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THE
NATION

June 4, 1960 . . 25c

OVERFLIGHT BY SATELLITE

Are the U-2s Obsolete?

Donald W. Cox

WHY KHRUSHCHEV WRECKED THE SUMMIT

Harold J. Berman

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

FINANCING OUR SCHOOLS

FEDERAL AID OR LOCAL TAXES?

Harry W. Ernst

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LETTERS

Reappraising the Students

Dear Sirs: Following publication of your "Campus Report No. 3," on May 16, 1959, I wrote a letter, which you printed, asserting that the present generation of students was more persuasively liberal than my own was. . . . I have just finished Mr. Wakefield's article, "Eye of the Storm," in which he tells of the student sit-in demonstrations in the South (*The Nation,* May 7, 1960). If you were right and I was wrong last year, where the hell did these kids in the South come from? I think you owe it to yourself, let alone to your readers, to reappraise the situation in the light of the very evident capacity these youngsters have for action. . . .

ESTHER BLOOM

New York City

[*We had already begun to reappraise the situation with "Campus Report No. 3," the subtitle of which was "Tension Beneath Apathy." The truth is that if student behavior has changed markedly in the last three years (and all developments would so indicate), the potential must always have been there. To this extent, Miss Bloom is right.*—EDITORS]

The Big Steal

Dear Sirs: Donald Cressey seems to have written his review of *The Thief in the White Collar* [*The Nation,* April 30] from a perch so high in the ivory tower that he is no longer able to focus on reality. He bemoans the fact that American businessmen are able to "rationalize" their thievery and that they do not have the high moral fiber of the Hindus who in 1943 starved rather than kill a sacred animal. He sees only an end result, and ignores the basic cause.

To act from a sense of high moral purpose, one must first have something in which he can believe. The only creed which finds any currency in the world of Business and Success is "Screw you, Jack—I got mine." . . . Thievery is blandly condoned in every walk of life. A President steals time from a nation by spending most of it on the golf links and the rest of it in a cloud of rosy platitudes. A Vice President claws his way up a crooked ladder, displaying a bland and open contempt for the whole human race. A whole segment of our scientific community steals hope of normal life for generations yet unborn. A Pentagon is stacked to its multi-corridored roofs with frantic medal-spangled anachronisms who will do anything to keep their creaky establishment going. Manufacturers hire old soldiers whose only qualification is that they "know Joe." At the lower echelons, the sight is of kickbacks and bribery in high places. . . .

The inevitable reaction? If "they" can do it on so large a scale, where's the harm in a "little" stealing?

ALEX APOSTOLIDES

Los Angeles, Calif.

Ignorance

Dear Sirs: Re your editorial on gas-germ warfare ["Easter and the Chemical Corps," April 30], I take issue with you over whether chemical and biological weapons are any more "fiendish" than, say, land mines, or even the molten lead of yore. War continues to be hell. . . . All the experts, be they for or against the employment of CBR weapons, seem to agree that the Russians have extensive capabilities in them. As things stand, we remain unprepared to defend ourselves from these weapons, and our plans for the employment and development of our own agents, especially the more humane ones, are inadequate. The problem to be solved seems to be one of public hysteria caused, for the most part, by ignorance. . . .

MICHAEL D. MAREMONT

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dictionary of Diplomacy

Dear Sirs: In the belief that public evaluation of recent events has been hindered by a lack of clear definition of terms, the following preliminary ones are offered pending further reconnaissance:

U-2: Airplane employed for peaceful weather observation. Derivation: U-boat, underwater craft used for peaceful oceanography, c. 1914.

Altimeter: Weather instrument.

To misinterpret: To believe something on the day it is said.

Barometer: Weather instrument.

Bipartisanship: Doing two things at once. Cf. "bi-lingual," "bi-focal," "by and by."

Camera: Weather instrument.

Secrecy: National defense (Russian).

Silencer: Weather instrument.

Keeping the door open: A way of getting what you want while appearing not to want it. Cf. John Hay, "Open Door Policy"; Lady Macbeth, "I hear a knocking at the south entry; retire we to our chamber; a little water clears us of this deed. Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us, and show us to be watchers."

Poison pin: Weather instrument.

Responsibility: Being the person who has to make up a new story when silence is no longer possible. Cf. Nathan Hale, "My only regret is that I have but one lie to give for my country."

H-Bomb: Weather instrument.

AMOS MARSDEN

Chicago, Ill.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Blitz That Failed

The strategy of the early Monday morning "surprise attack" on Democratic critics of the Administration's handling of the Summit conference was clear enough. Catch the opposition off guard by a swift attack, without notice, in full force and — by the savagery of the attack — seize the initiative, keep the opposition off balance, and (with good luck) spike their guns. It was the classic, "rule book" counter-offensive formula. Senator Dirksen led off with a "soft on communism" tirade directed against Adlai Stevenson for his "crowbar and sledge hammer" speech in Chicago. But the dirty work was left for Senator Hugh Scott, who suggested that Mr. Stevenson and Senator Kennedy should "relieve themselves of the curse of the suspicion of appeasement," and who called both men "turnquotes" — a phrase which, in the excitement of the early morning assault, registered with many sleepy Senators as "turncoats."

But the blitz failed. Recovering from their rather stunned initial reaction, the Democrats quickly rallied and, with hastily summoned reserves, proceeded to give Senators Dirksen and Scott a brutal drubbing. Few issues of the *Congressional Record* this season make more lively reading than Vol. 106, No. 93, devoted to the Monday, May 23, debate. Senators Carroll, Symington, Morse, Monroney, Muskie and — once he had been notified of Senator Scott's sneak attack and rushed to the Senate floor — Senator Kennedy, made mincemeat of what Senator Carroll accurately characterized as "a raw, partisan, political piece of chicanery." In the end, Senator Dirksen sought to mollify his Democratic critics by expressing undying "love" for them as friends and colleagues. His opening speech, he said, was "just plain politics, spelled with a capital 'P'." But the Democrats wouldn't buy it. The response, said Senator Kennedy, was grudging and evasive; there was nothing amusing about an indirect charge of disloyalty. Senator Scott, to his credit, was more manly than Dirksen; he apologized. Bruised and battered, neither Dirksen nor Scott will be anxious to return to the "apostles of appeasement" theme soon. As Senator Monroney pointed out, the Monday morning blitz was all-too-reminiscent of "another Senator who once waved papers and shouted 'I hold in my hand.' . . . We are tired of that sort of procedure. Mr. President, Americans are tired of the attacks which are strictly for the purpose of diversion, in an attempt to light another fire, to try to direct attention somewhere else."

The lively debate suggests strongly that Senator Monroney may be right — that in the Senate at least, the ghost of the late Senator Joe McCarthy has finally been exorcised.

A Debate, But About What?

Thanks in no small measure to Adlai Stevenson and Governor Nelson Rockefeller, the Nixon strategy of sealing off a full-dress debate on the issues raised by the Summit debacle is not likely to succeed. The timing and vigor of Mr. Stevenson's sharp attack disrupted the "rally-round-the-President" exhortations of Senator Lyndon Johnson and like-minded Democrats, and led directly to the Senate debate on May 23. Governor Rockefeller's equally well-timed statement of May 24, in the words of one commentator, had "the impact of a wet towel on Senate Republicans anxious to keep brickbats hurtling at Democratic critics of Ike's Summit policies." On its merits, the statement was excellent; the need for "an open and honest exercise of reason" — that is, for debate — has rarely been stated with greater cogency. In effect, the Governor seconded Mr. Stevenson's contention that "we cannot sweep this whole mess under the rug in the name of national unity." So there may be a debate. But about what?

And at this point both Mr. Stevenson and Governor Rockefeller are a bit vague. An investigation — as by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee — is not a debate; it may be used as a device to stifle debate. Nor will a carping, point-making attack on the President's leadership be of much value. A debate that

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centers on "blunders," "timing" and "tactics," or on how to be tougher with the Russians, will not meet Governor Rockefeller's demand for "an act of national self-examination . . . an act of realism . . . of renewed and reasoned dedication." Nor is there any point in encouraging Messrs. Morton and Butler to engage in a smearing contest. And, finally, we need to be clear that it is not a debate on the details of foreign policy that is needed. A public as large, as varied, as widely scattered as the American electorate, cannot follow with the required close attention a debate on American policy as related to fifty or sixty nations. Nor can "the Berlin question" be debated in a vacuum. What can, and must, be debated are the assumptions, the principles, the values which should determine American policy.

As in any large organization, so with the federal government: policy is indispensable. We should, therefore, debate ends, not methods or techniques. It is for this reason that *The Nation* stated in an editorial ("The Candidates and a Politics of Peace," February 6) that peace is the key issue. We understood then, as we understand now, that everyone is for peace; no one is asking for a debate on the advantages of peace. We propose something else. If, as we are constantly reminded, war is unthinkable, then we must start thinking in other terms. War is in the process of destroying itself, and us; yet we continue to act as though war were the ultimate guarantor of national security and survival. War is militarily unthinkable because no one —neither the chiefs of staff of the USSR nor of this country — can today formulate a rational strategy to win a war fought with nuclear weapons. So the issue becomes: shall we continue to adhere to policies which can lead only to a war which we say is unthinkable — or shall we plan for peace? Stated another way, are we to continue to fight the "hot front" of a "cold war" by any means, no matter how corrupting, or dishonorable, or self-defeating these means may be? Is the arms race to be steadily accelerated? Are we to continue preparations for a nuclear war that would destroy us and the Russians too?

The voting public can grasp an issue of this kind precisely because it turns, in the last analysis, on moral principles. This is the issue that should be debated, not whether Lt. Powers should have been permitted to take off on the "overflight" of May 1. If this issue is debated, the other issues will assume their true and minor proportions; if it is not debated, it may not matter how the other issues are resolved.

The Other Summit Conferences

One — they called it the "Little Summit Conference" — was held in San Francisco on May 13-14. No heads of government were present, but among the speakers were officers of the American Friends Service Committee, civic leaders, professors and an economist from the Bechtel Corporation, a heavy-engineering firm which has done missile-construction work in the San Francisco area. Also Albert Bigelow, wartime naval commander and skipper of the *Golden Rule*; William Davidon, nuclear physicist at the Argonne National Laboratory, and Dr. Linus Pauling of California Institute of Technology. On May 14, 3,000 persons marched in a "Peace Walk" to San Francisco's Union Square. While they stood in silent memory of the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, "not a baby squealed, not a breath seemed to stir the air."

The other "Little Summit Conference" was held in Madison Square Garden in New York City under the auspices of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. The paid attendance was about 17,000; the speakers were Norman Thomas, Walter Reuther, Rabbi Israel Goldstein, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dr. Harold Taylor, Orson Bean, Harry Belafonte, Norman Cousins, Charles Pickett, Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan, and former Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas. Telegrams were read from Senator Humphrey, Senator Javits and Adlai Stevenson. Afterwards, Norman Thomas led 5,000 of those at the meeting in a peace march to the United Nations Plaza. While they were demonstrating, the big Summit foundered. But it is just possible that the demonstrations at the grass roots (or on city pavements) will grow, and the heads of government will listen.

Happy Days Are Here Again

The Summit crackup may be a tragedy in the eyes of eggheads, world-improvers, bleeding hearts and such-like deviants, but if there were tears elsewhere, they were tears of joy. SUMMIT FAILURE A MARKET TONIC, was the headline on the first page of *The New York Times* financial section. BULLISHNESS REVIVES was the subhead, and the caption explained, FIREWORKS IN PARIS SHIFT SPOTLIGHT TO SHARES OF MILITARY SUPPLIERS. On the other side of the country, appealing to a humbler audience, the Los Angles *Mirror-News* carried a roaring full-page advertisement for a technical school: THE SUMMIT HAS FAILED — WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TO YOU? TREMENDOUS UPSURGE IN ELECTRONICS. BILLION DOLLAR PAYROLL. 110,000-EMPLOYEE INDUSTRY IN SO. CALIF. BOOMING! Returning from Paris, General Thomas D. White, Air Force Chief of Staff, recalled saying earlier this year that America's deterrent power was so great "no rational decision could be made to attack us." Now, testifying before the Senate Appropriations Committee, General White added an amendment: "To meet the possibility of irrationality, I think we should beef up our deterrent strength. There has been a change.

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More missiles would certainly be additional insurance." Just a few billion dollars more to defend the free world and unite its capitalists and workers in the indissoluble bonds of the hopped-up armament boom.

Taking note of this social phenomenon in Congress, Representative Charles A. Vanik (D., Ohio) found it "indeed a strange paradox that bad news for the world should be such good news for the stock market." Another Congressman, Robert W. Kastenmeier (D., Wisconsin) speaking on the Department of Defense appropriation bill while the Summit conference was being given the works, called for long-range defense planning "and for that study most overwhelmingly essential to the future of humanity, the study of the means and technique and implications of disarmament." The latter he is not very likely to get, but as for long-range defense planning, let the Congressman be of good cheer: the matter is in competent hands. Speaking on "Defense Electronics" at the annual convention of the National Federation of Financial Security Analysts Society, John J. Rutherford, Director of Long Range Planning of Sperry Gyroscope Company, Division of Sperry-Rand Corporation, gazed into the crystal ball and liked what he saw. The security analysts, listening with "rapt attention," liked it too. The long-range planner estimated total Pentagon spending in 1970 at three levels. In the event of a Korea-type limited war during the sixties, the Pentagon would spend $77 billion and the gross national product would be $788 billion. For a mere continuation of the arms race, the respective figures would be $56 billion and $747 billion. But suppose "disarmament" supervened? Mr. Rutherford did not avert his eyes from that possibility, but he obviously did not believe that Mr. Khrushchev's scheme for total disarmament stood much of a chance, because in 1970 the "disarmed" Pentagon would still be spending $34 billion (as compared with $41 billion today) and GNP would be $708 billion. We could live on that if we had to, but isn't that extra $80 billion worth fighting for?

The Aerojet Project

The Nation has been so consistently critical of missile-makers that it is a pleasure to be able to praise one. Aerojet-General Corporation of Azusa, California — and points north — is a cold-war baby; it started as a gleam in the eye of Dr. Theodore von Karman, the aerodynamicist, in 1939 and is today, courtesy Department of Defense, the largest rocket engine-maker in the country (1960's estimated sales, $500 million).

Back in 1958, someone at Aerojet had a good idea: to encourage citizenship by encouraging employees to participate in politics. The encouragement offered was, and is, strictly nonpartisan. The company made it possible for some 15,000 employees to make contributions to the political party of their choice; it also encouraged them to register as voters (in California registrars can be sent directly to plants). Some 2,000 employees who had not previously bothered to register, now did so at booths set up in the plant. In 1958, approximately 81 per cent of the company's 15,000 employees contributed to the political party of their private choice; the $25,000 raised was divided fairly evenly between the two major parties (about $300 went to the Prohibition Party which that year appeared on the California ballot). Once the program was under way, checks were sent to the two major parties twice weekly, and all parties — including the minor ones — endorsed the project and praised Aerojet for the fairness with which, aided by plant committees on which union representatives served, it was administered.

Now the Ford Motor Company has initiated a similar project. While a caveat should be noted — such convenient spoon-feeding might weaken political parties if sustained over a long period — Aerojet is to be commended for its initiative in projecting one of the best of current industry programs designed to encourage political participation. With 255 Ph.D.s on its staff, Aerojet should be able to come up with some other good ideas not directly related to missile-making.

Passing the Buck, 1960-Style

The House Appropriations Committee recently called for a reduction of over 3,000 employees in departmental headquarters of the Department of Defense, which impelled Congressman H. R. Gross (R., Iowa) to rise with a caveat. "I want to commend the committee on its insistence that personnel be reduced," said Mr. Gross, "but at the same time I want to point out that you are not going to accomplish anything if you are simply going to turn around and appropriate the money for the Defense Department and the various military establishments to hire consultants and management experts." The Iowan then proceeded to give facts and figures on the growing military practice of "contracting out." For example, the well-known management firm of Booz, Allen & Hamilton received a $95,000 contract for a study of the adequacy of existing Army and Navy ammunition facilities. One would think, Mr. Gross suggested, that on the rosters of the ordnance divisions of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps there would be officers or civilians capable of making such a survey. Again, the Institute for Defense Analyses (IDA) received $5,465,000 for various scientific and technical studies and evaluations for the Department of Defense. IDA was found to be paying 129 of its 241 employees from $14,000 to over $30,000 each a year, and Mr. Gross wondered whether all these people were worth more than career government scientists and engineers.

Mr. Gross paid special attention to the Air Force,

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which pays out over $34 million annually for outside intellectual services, including $13.5 million yearly to its private think-factory, the RAND Corporation, while largely turning over control of its ICBM program to Thompson Ramo Wooldridge and its subsidiary, Space Technology Laboratories. And still Mr. Gross did not desist from his ferret-like probings. The Office of Navy Management, he pointed out, has grown from a staff of eight in 1953 to a present staff of seventy-one, of whom thirteen are GS-15 and above in Civil Service rating, yet the Navy was paying a college professor $70 a lecture to conduct classes in management development.

Still another expert was hired by the Navy to teach "effective writing" at $53 per *hour* (page 8925, *Congressional Record*, May 5, 1960); the Air Force hired the wife of an Air Force officer to do two portraits for the Air Force Academy; the Academy itself employed two experts to explain "merchandizing procedures, philosophy of merchandizing, and efficient sales and operation" of the cadet sales store; and Headquarters, Air Materiel Command, employed a retired supply officer, who was apparently tired of being retired, at $40 a day to "counsel civilian employees concerning retirement plans and to prepare employees psychologically for retirement."

It would appear from Mr. Gross's data that the personnel of some of the military agencies have gone so far in shedding responsibility that, in simple humanity, the government should spend another few millions for seeing-eye dogs to escort them to and from their arduous labors.

Why Khrushchev Wrecked the Summit.. *Harold J. Berman*

WE ARE apparently unable to understand the impact of our government's position regarding the U-2 flight upon Khrushchev's policies and upon his personal position of leadership. This is one of the gravest aspects of the present crisis.

We express bewilderment that Khrushchev should make such an issue of espionage. All countries practice espionage. Espionage is not considered to be a violation of international law, or even of international morality. But of course the issue is not espionage; that is only a small part of the charge which he has made against us. Nor is the issue our intrusion into Soviet airspace, although that is, clearly, a violation of international law, regardless of what may ultimately be decided concerning *outer* space. The issue is, rather, our government's continued defense of this violation of international law, its refusal formally to state that it regrets the U-2 flight and will take appropriate measures to see that it does not happen again.

So far as I know, not a single American commentator has pointed out that it is customary in international relations for a state which has committed a violation of international law formally to apologize and to declare that it will take appropriate measures to call to account the persons responsible. The United States has on occasion demanded, and has on occasion given, such apologies and declarations, and the International Court of Justice has on occasion required them. A leading treatise on international law states that where there is an international delinquency, "at least a formal apology on the part of the delinquent will in every case be necessary."

Khrushchev's initial statement that he assumed the President was unaware of the particular flight, and his request for an apology and appropriate punishment, were not designed to insult and humiliate; they were standard operating procedure, "according to the book," designed to make continued normal diplomatic relations possible while taking full advantage of our embarrassment at being caught.

By refusing to perform this ceremonial obeisance to international law, the President put Khrushchev in an extremely difficult position, both at home and abroad. Nor was the difficulty substantially alleviated when the President announced in Paris—too late—that he had ordered the flights to be "suspended." The Soviet leader is not perturbed about the flights; he has watched them for four years, and it is quite possible that he now has the means to stop them by rockets. He is perturbed because the President has defended the flights—defended them, in fact, as a necessary means of protection against "surprise attack" by a "closed society." Thus our government has not only publicly challenged Soviet sovereignty over its airspace but has added the public accusation that the Soviet Union is a totalitarian society and that its leaders are planning aggressive war.

TO Khrushchev this was "perfidy"—and he responded by attempting to destroy the President's reputation as a world leader in the struggle for peace. For the demand that the President apologize in person, face to face, was indeed a deliberate humiliation, reminiscent of the ancient Anglo-Saxon law that one who insulted another had to hold his nose and call himself a liar.

We were unable to predict this response in advance, and we are unable to understand it now. Why, we ask, did Khrushchev insist—why does he still insist—upon the ceremony of an apology, punishment

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(presumably a reprimand would suffice), and a solemn official declaration by the United States (and not merely an executive order by the President in his capacity as a military leader) that the U-2 flight was in violation of international law and that such flights will not occur again? Until we understand the answer to this question we shall not understand either Khrushchev or his policies.

OUR government plainly miscalculated the Soviet reaction to our policy (and I emphasize again, not the policy of espionage, not even the policy of aerial intrusion, but the policy of open justification of espionage and aerial intrusion). As Mr. Nixon explained in a television broadcast before the Summit meeting was to take place, he did not expect that our defense of such flights would cause the meeting to collapse because, as he put it, "Mr. Khrushchev is a realist."

And when the Summit meeting did collapse, our official explanation —echoed by the press—was that its collapse was not, *could* not have been, due to our refusal to apologize. It is considered absurd to suppose that a "realist" like Khrushchev would base his actions on our failure to perform a ceremonial act. It is assumed that "he wrecked the conference because he wanted to wreck it."

But why did he want to wreck it? After all, it was he, and not we, who had pressed for such a meeting. The soothsayers now tell us (as they told us after Hungary) that the "Stalinists" suddenly regained control of the Kremlin; or the military; or even that the Chinese are dictating Soviet foreign policy! More sober commentators argue that Khrushchev knew that the West would grant no concessions on Germany, so he was glad to have this pretext for calling the meeting off.

Any or all of these speculations may turn out to be true. All of them, however, are based so far on the merest shreds of evidence, and each of them must overcome serious counter-arguments. But there is a simpler explanation which deserves consideration. The President's refusal to pay even lip service to Soviet sovereignty over the airspace above the territory of the USSR, his insistence that we committed no wrong in sending an airplane over that territory, struck at the foundations of Khrushchev's policy, both foreign and domestic, and of his personal position of leadership of the Soviet Union and of the Communist world.

TWO principal techniques of Soviet foreign policy in recent years have been Khrushchev's personal diplomatic negotiations with the heads of state of the great powers (especially President Eisenhower) and the strengthening of the legal framework of Soviet international relations generally (especially through commercial and other treaties and participation in United Nations agencies). Through both techniques the Soviet leadership has sought to achieve legitimacy for the Soviet regime and recognition of its status as a great power, to remove the danger of a Western effort to liberate the Eastern European countries from its control, to reduce the possibility that revolutionary advances (in the Communist sense) in Asia will produce Western military intervention, to expand Soviet influence over the minds of people everywhere, to develop profitable trade relations with other countries, and to reduce military expenditures so that a great deal more energy may be devoted to domestic economic progress.

Particular violations of international law by the Soviet government —as, for example, in Hungary in 1956—should not mislead us into believing that Khrushchev attaches little value to international law in general. Soviet objectives, at least in the short run and possibly also in the long run, can be achieved far more easily if a single body of norms and procedures is applicable to all nations than if a double standard is applied to the "free world" and the "Soviet bloc." It is likely, for example, that the general application of international legal norms will result in our ultimate recognition of the government of East Germany and even that of Communist China. Similarly, the general application of international legal norms would lead to a relaxation of our controls on exports to Communist countries. It is partly for such reasons as these that Soviet jurists for several years have been stressing that there is one body of international law uniting countries of different social and economic systems, and that "difference of ideology does not exclude agreement and collaboration."

International law may, however, restrict, and not merely facilitate, the achievement of Soviet objectives. Partly to reduce this danger, Soviet theory has always stressed the concept of sovereignty as the cornerstone of international law. International law is considered to rest pri-

The Observer (London)

"On the other hand, this particular missile was very good for the money."

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marily on treaties and agreements entered into by sovereign states. The cardinal sin of international law is considered to be the violation of a nation's territorial integrity. In this (as in many other matters) the Soviet Union has adopted an attitude which is ultra-conservative, even Victorian.

SEEN IN this light, President Eisenhower's assertion of our right to send reconnaissance planes over the Soviet Union challenged not only Khrushchev's status as an equal in the Summit conference, but also the very basis of the entire Soviet effort to build an international order which would remain stable while the Soviet Union grew stronger. The President had betrayed his "friend" by espousing different standards of international law for "open" and "closed" societies. The distinction would permit us to send over Soviet territory not only reconnaissance planes but planes "armed with lethal weapons" (as Gromyko put it).

In his internal policy, also, Khrushchev has pressed for an increasing rationality in the Soviet social and economic order, an increasing legality, controlled by his effervescent, impatient, ingenious and sometimes ruthless personality. The substantial increase of the legal security of Soviet citizens during the past seven years, especially in the very broad realm of political speech, has always been understood to depend in part upon the security of Soviet international relations. If the United States asserts its right of espionage and of aerial intrusion, there is bound to be a tightening of controls at home. Stalin's myth that the Soviet Union is infested with capitalist spies must seem now to some Russians to take on an aura of reality. Thus our government's statements challenged not only Khrushchev's foreign policy, but also his domestic policy.

It also challenged his personal position of leadership in the Soviet Union and in the Communist world. Undoubtedly there are many Russians, as well as many Czechs, Chinese and others, who consider Khrushchev's policy to be based on wishful thinking—just as there are many Americans who consider any efforts to reduce the sources of Soviet-American conflict to be a product of our own wishful thinking. In both countries, negotiations seem to many to smack of softness. One has sensed a sigh of relief in many quarters in the United States at the thought that the illusions of "peaceful coexistence" are now shattered and we are back to the intellectually more comfortable posture of open hostilities. Thus the "Stalinists" in both camps play into each other's hands.

KHRUSHCHEV knows when to jump, and he may well avoid a personal political defeat — indeed, that may be the ultimate significance of his invective in Paris. But it is critical that we learn to understand that the impact of our intransigence is to stimulate his intransigence, the impact of our disregard of the forms of international law is to stimulate a similar disregard on his part, the impact of our assertion of the right to send airplanes over his territory is to stimulate an assertion by him of his right to violate our airspace, and the impact of our discrediting of him and his policies is to stimulate him to do everything possible to discredit us and our policies.

The President found it morally and politically impossible to say he did not authorize the flight when in fact he did, and to apologize when in fact he is not sorry. He could lie about the flight initially to "cover" for Intelligence purposes, but he could not lie to maintain the ceremonies of international law. Congress, and the electorate, would not have understood this. But these ceremonies—given the weaknesses of the sanctioning processes of international law—are necessary to avoid the humiliation of other nations and the discrediting of their leaders. By defending the U-2 flight, we have added insult to injury. Khrushchev is indeed a realist—he knew that this insult would undermine his position at home unless he returned blow for blow, and his position abroad unless he took his case to every available international forum. The same factors which made it seem impossible for us to apologize made it seem necessary to him to wreck the Paris conference.

Our task now is to begin to rehabilitate Khrushchev and international law.

OVERFLIGHT BY SATELLITE . . *by Donald W. Cox*

'BIG BROTHER'—who was everybody's watchman, if you remember, in George Orwell's *1984*—is watching all of us now. He has been looking us over ever since he was flung into orbit on April 1—and no April Fool joking about it, either. And now, since last week, Big Brother's still bigger brother—the Midas satellite—is watching us, too.

In the sinister shadows of these remarkable vehicles now orbiting the earth, the fuss raised about the espionage activities of the earth-bound U-2 seems a piddling exercise in futility.

Originally, the first American spy-in-the-sky satellite was to be called Sentry, but — to pacify the State Department — this harsh-sounding name was soon dropped and the less sensitive title of Discoverer was substituted. Several test satellites flying under this latter nomenclature have already been placed into polar orbits by our Air Force during the past year.

Our civilian space agency, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) is techni-

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cally not involved in the business of military space-reconnaissance, since its Congressional charter limits it to peaceful and scientific explorations. But NASA has found itself in a serious dilemma since the successful launching of its first meteorological earth satellite (Tiros I) on April 1. For this weather-spying satellite that was perfected mainly to scan large areas of the earth's cloud cover has also exhibited several overtones of the military Midas and Samos satellites.

When the reliable Thor-Able rocket left its pad at Cape Canaveral with the 270-pound, drum-shaped Tiros I nestling inside its protective nose shroud, few observers realized at the time that it would create so many revolutionary repercussions a few days later. The strange looking payload, built by the Astro-Electronics Division of R.C.A., was incrusted with 9,200 tiny solar cells which supply the power to transmit the magnetic taped photo images back to earth.

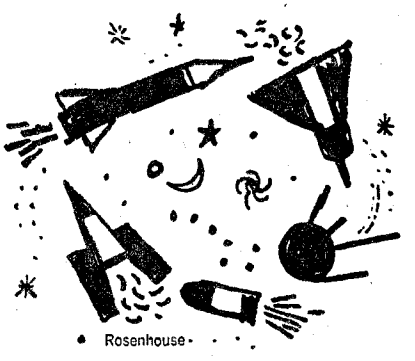
Whirling around in an orbit at an average altitude of 450 miles, Tiros is constantly photographing the sunny side of the earth with its two cameras. One is a wide-angle device utilizing half a Vidicon tube to take pictures with a resolution of about a mile and a half. It will take a strip of overlapping pictures which show an area approximately 135 miles long and about 800 miles wide.

The smaller, narrow-angle camera has a resolution of about 1,500 feet and will take pictures about eighty miles in width. This camera should be able to take "blip" pictures of runways and missile bases with ease, if the contrast is right. It is this camera which enables Tiros I to play a dual role — acting as a scientific boon to meteorology as well as a military spy.

ON APRIL 4, three days after the launching, the United States made a chivalrous gesture. Dr. Hugh Dryden, Deputy Administrator of NASA, told a Congressional committee that America would share the Tiros weather photos and those of future meteorological satellites with the rest of the world.

Yet the gesture did not cover up Tiros' ominous import for the world. For the satellite had brought into the open a latent problem that has been with us since the advent of the recently concluded International Geophysical Year: whether or not a nation has the right to fly satellites of *any type* over the territory of another nation without permission. The problem was not acute as long as satellites and sputniks were purely "scientific"; such "peaceful" flights are a sort of unwritten extension of an international gentleman's agreement reached in Rome in late 1955, before the IGY began.

Since neither the United States nor the Soviet Union has so far denied the right of other nations to fly space-spying satellites over their respective territorial boundaries, we can now anticipate that the issue will come up — and sooner rather



than later — during forthcoming U.N. meetings. The Soviet Union cannot long ignore either Tiros I or the more recent Midas.

It is possible that the USSR has already taken a dim view of Tiros — and acted upon it. At present we do not know why the Soviet delegates called a halt to the negotiations on disarmament, but isn't it suggestive that Mr. Zorin's walkout at Geneva came immediately after Tiros was successfully launched?

All leading Soviet newspapers printed reports of the successful launching of Tiros I, noting that it would fly over Soviet territory and that it was capable of sending pictures back to earth. Although the Tass dispatches did not elaborate on the implications, it is fairly obvious that the Kremlin leaders, and most intelligent Soviet citizens, must be deeply concerned over the military significance of this feat.

We are not going to reach a "mutually beneficial understanding" with the Soviets on the peaceful uses of outer space — the goal set forth recently by Dr. T. Keith Glennan, the head of NASA — as long as Tiros continues to take photos of Mongolia, China and the Soviet Union, countries which up till now had been protected by their iron and bamboo curtains.

BECAUSE the quality of the Tiros photos transmitted back to earth surpassed the fondest expectations of NASA officials, some of them reluctantly admitted — on the fourth day after launching — that we had placed a "blurry-eyed spy in the sky." After many denials, agency officials conceded, on April 5, that Tiros "might" be obtaining rudimentary photos of objects on the earth's surface. It was reliably reported that considerable anxiety was being expressed within the NASA, the State Department and the Central Intelligence Agency over this embarrassing situation.

No high government official wished to take the responsibility of admitting publicly that we had actually ushered in the era of "open skies" under the guise of a peaceful weather satellite. Once again, as with Hiroshima, we had created a monster with which we were not adequately prepared to cope.

All the statements that have been tumbled out of NASA headquarters minimizing the idea that Tiros might be an embryonic spy-in-the-sky have failed to convince the world — particularly after the first photos of the Mediterranean and Red Sea areas were released and published all over the globe. The first NASA statements denying the satellite's spying potential were made before the agency had had a chance to study the details of the Tiros pictures, especially those that were sent by air mail from the second tracking and receiving station at Kaena Point, Hawaii.

Even though the satellite had been put through extensive ground tests, prior to launching, to make sure that the cameras would *not* be able to detect specific features on the earth's surface from a 400-mile altitude, it

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was fairly obvious that no simulated test on earth could duplicate the real situation as it developed in space.

As a result of urgings from the State Department and the CIA, NASA suddenly became extremely secretive about the photos that were piling up in its offices. On April 5, NASA officials announced that it had classified all pictures taken by the narrow-angle camera and would not release any until they had been analyzed by Intelligence experts. But if Tiros is just a scientific venture taking *only* pictures of cloud formations, why the sudden secrecy? Were the so-called "blips" that showed up on pictures taken by the narrow-angle camera just radio static, or were they something else?

ON APRIL 8, a week after the launching, Dr. Glennan announced that the satellite had successfully taken wide-angle pictures of the Soviet Union and Communist China, but that they were being withheld from the public for "security reasons." Simultaneously, he announced that a small timer had failed to function properly within the drum-shaped satellite, preventing the small-angle lens from transmitting photos back to earth.

This announcement certainly helped the NASA out of a ticklish situation that had developed. It meant that no further close-up pictures of military installations and missile bases could be taken — and the justification for sharp Communist complaint was theoretically removed. The temporary mechanical failure inside Tiros made it possible for NASA to argue that it wasn't, it really wasn't, "in the spying business."

But the cold reality, that Tiros has inaugurated the "open sky" era earlier than the date planned by either the State Department or the Department of Defense, could not be erased by all the NASA denials and explanations. The clear resolution of the photos telemetered back to earth established beyond cavil the true identity of this double-purpose vehicle.

For some strange reason, NASA waited five days to announce the early functional breakdown of the narrow-angled camera. The official excuse was that the agency's public information office had not been informed of the event. This hardly seems plausible, considering that the offices of the agency officials are just down the corridor from their public information office.

Until the timer started to work again last month, Tiros could not take pictures over the Northern Hemisphere when it was out of the radio range of the two receiving stations at Fort Monmouth, N.J. and Kaena Point, Hawaii. *None of the pictures it has taken since has been released.*

After making some 1,300 orbits of the earth, Tiros I is expected to burn up in the upper atmosphere about July 1, 1960. Until then it will be able to continue taking close-up pictures of the earth and its cloud formations with its narrow-angled camera — and more close-up shots behind the iron curtain.

ON APRIL 8, the same day that Dr. Glennan was testifying before Congress about the Tiros satellite, Secretary of State Herter held a news conference that ranged from a discussion of nuclear-test bans to Castro and the South African race riots. Five of the thirty-nine questions aimed at the Secretary were concerned with the diplomatic impact of the launching of the Tiros satellite.

Although the Secretary said that no nation had objected, so far, to the launching of this or any previous satellite, he seemed to be unsure of himself as to what steps the State Department should now take, if any. In fact, he seemed to miss the main point of a ticklish question which assumed that we had a right to "launch satellites that could take any kind of picture that we are technically capable of taking over any country, and that, furthermore, any country has that right over our territory."

This was the crucial "open sky" question that implied our right to launch the Samos reconnaissance satellite and the Midas early-warning satellite over the Soviet Union without worrying about any vocal objections from the Kremlin. The Secretary admitted that he didn't think that the launching of military-reconnaissance satellites, which could take photos all over the world, had "been a matter of discussion in any form as yet."

But why not, Mr. Secretary?

WITH THE imminent launching of the first Samos reconnaissance satellite (the newest name for the earlier Sentry space-spy), and last week's successful launching of Midas, the State Department should be making plans to hold meetings with our Allies and with the Soviets on this sensitive and urgent issue. Mr. Herter's implied denial that there *was* any issue is a sad commentary on the apparent lack of top State Department policy thinking in this vital area.

The Secretary admitted to the press that his department had not made any request of NASA to withhold any Tiros pictures on diplomatic or security grounds. Yet on the previous day, the space agency had announced that it was not releasing certain pictures on security grounds. Who gave this order to NASA if not the State Department?

Secretary Herter also denied that Tiros I had photographed any portions of the Soviet Union or Communist China. Yet NASA spokesmen had repeatedly said that the opposite was true; and two days later Dr. Glennan, himself, displayed a clear photo of Lake Baikal, Siberia, taken by Tiros, over a *Meet the Press* television show — and it was shown all over the country.

Dr. Glennan announced on the *Meet the Press* program that the photos had been flown in from the Hawaii tracking station on Friday, April 8 — the very day that Secretary Herter was holding his news conference. Although audiences were given a quick flash of the Lake Baikal photo on their home screens, there was enough to indicate what the more sophisticated Samos reconnaissance satellite would be able to accomplish in photographing missile-launch sites and ground-support installations within the USSR and Communist China. Also indicated was the potential of the Midas sat-

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ellite for the almost instantaneous detection, through infra-red rays, of missile launchings.

One newsman proposed that a book of Tiros photos be given to President Eisenhower for presentation to Khrushchev for the then forthcoming Summit meeting at Paris. The presentation, the newsman explained, would be a return gesture for the photos of the moon taken by Lunik III and given to the President by the Soviet chief on the occasion of the latter's visit to this country. The NASA chief said he would consider the suggestion. Presumably, it was never carried out.

DR. GLENNAN refused to comment on the question of our right to put a military satellite up over the Soviet Union; the question, he said, was not in his jurisdiction. He did point out, however, that the Soviets don't need to put up a similar military reconnaissance satellite to discover the whereabouts of our vital missile and SAC bases, since all one has to do to obtain such knowledge is to look over the files of *The New York Times*.

Before the next Tiros "weather" satellite is launched in October, 1960, and before we ever launch our first Samos satellite (either openly or secretly), we can expect that the Soviets will protest the orbiting of any more spies-in-the-sky over their heads unless some sort of international agreement is reached.

Last week's successful launching of Midas II dispelled any last doubts that advanced technology has rendered the manned U-2 spy plane obsolete. Interestingly, Communist radio stations termed the Midas launching a "provocation," yet they have not yet — at least as of this writing — complained about Tiros, which since May 10 has again been taking detailed cloud pictures over the Soviet Union.

Thus a "weather" satellite which plays a dual role as a military reconnaissance weapon orbits over the USSR without complaint from the Kremlin, while the overtly military Midas, which has not yet flown over Russian soil, draws shouts of "provocation." The inconsistency gives some indication of the complications to be expected when it comes to determining national "rights" in outer space.

The next Tiros, which will be a more sophisticated version of the current one, will be called Nimbus, and will have two advantages over its predecessor. It will be earth-oriented instead of space-oriented, which means that it can take pictures of the earth continuously and, secondly, it will be placed in a polar orbit which will cover all latitudes instead of being restricted, as is Tiros I, to the Equatorial and Northern Temperate Zones.

AS LONG as there was no Big Brother orbiting overhead to challenge its protective wall of secrecy, the USSR could turn a deaf ear to President Eisenhower's "open sky" plan which he first enunciated before the United Nations five years ago.

The Russians had nothing to gain by acquiescing in this plan. After all, they could shoot down any unfriendly reconnaissance aircraft that invaded their homeland. Shooting down a spy-in-the-sky satellite is not quite so simple, however.

The irony of the present space situation is that instead of our being able to trumpet our Tiros success to the rest of the world as a huge propaganda victory, we find it necessary to soft-pedal the real significance of our latest cosmic efforts.

AND there is another irony. This lies in the possible Russian ability to interrogate our satellites while they are in orbit over our homeland — and thus receive free the benefits of our own spy system. This possibility is in keeping with a remark made by Premier Khrushchev to Allen W. Dulles, chief of the Central Intelligence Agency: "I think we have the same agents in the same places. Maybe we should get together and not pay them twice."

Who knows, perhaps the cosmic Big Brothers of the early sixties will be working for more than one master? Then WHO can accuse WHOM of spying on WHAT?

Yes, Tiros, Midas and satellites still to come are mirrors in space, reflecting back not only fleecy clouds, typhoons and cyclones that nature has wrought, but also the material changes that man himself has wrought on the surface of the earth. What man does with the weapons of destruction poised on their launch pads around the world that future spies-in-the-sky will uncover and watch — this is the supreme challenge of our times.

WARD HEELERS on the CAMPUS . . *by Paul S. Weinberg*

University of Pennsylvania

NUMEROUS labels have been applied to the present crop of college youth: beat, unsilent, silent, beatnik and so on. Such generalizations are nonsense, of course; it can hardly be expected that students at one institution will necessarily adjust to the values prevalent at another. The University of Pennsylvania, for example, has its own peculiar set of values.

Forty-five per cent of Penn undergraduates belong to fraternities, and staff the campus' two remarkably powerful political parties—Campus and Franklin. A so-called Independent Party was formed this year by a group of disgusted non-fraternity students, but it has not yet had an opportunity to test its strength. If precedent means anything, it will fail.

The established parties expect the membership of each member-fraternity to "get out the vote" on elec-

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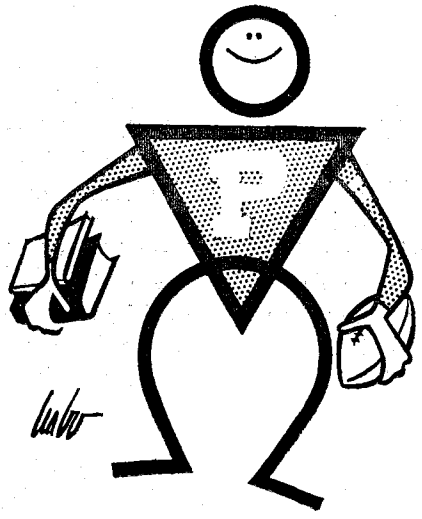
tion day in return for rewards from a highly intricate system of patronage which would distress the reformers of the early twentieth century. Patronage is distributed among the fraternities in the form of class offices, membership in senior honor societies, newspaper editorships, chairmanships for important social weekends, student government positions and managerships of athletic teams. Annual elections are the arena for campus politics, as twelve offices are distributed through sophomore, junior and senior years. Freshman class elections are usually free of politics, since they take place in the fall, before any of the freshmen have joined fraternities.

DECISIONS pertaining to patronage are usually determined by the party chairman. Fraternity representatives learn from him how the pie will be cut; the apportionments are rarely contested openly, for party and fraternity reach an entente in privacy. Regular party meetings feature long speeches commending the wisdom of the party leadership and formal ratification of the private deals which have already been decided. The attraction at gala party meetings is beer, distributed free *after* business.

Candidates for office are elected by popular appeal—and for "appeal," a distinguished career in athletics serves infinitely better than scholarship (which is seldom an issue as long as the candidate measures up to the required "C" average). The most recent contest for senior class presidency was between the captain of the football team and the captain of the soccer team. Neither had former experience in student government and it is quite accidental that the winner has proved to be an incorruptible, indefatigable worker.

Elections have been corrupt enough to alarm Machiavelli. The political representative of each fraternity is permitted to collect matriculation cards—the credential for voting—from his brothers and casts votes in behalf of an entire house himself (he might cast as many as one hundred ballots). Expired matriculation cards are saved from former years and used as though valid. Ballot-box stuffing is common practice; in the most recent



election, total votes cast outnumbered what might be predicted of a college election. The present senior class president was elected by less than a dozen votes—what he won was a ballot-stuffing contest. In the sophomore class election, the victorious candidate for president was expelled from school for "malicious academic cheating" shortly after his triumph at the ballot.

POSING A hypothetical case, we might find student Smith thoroughly disinterested in campus politics until his junior year. Most of his time has been spent playing football or some other sport; he has made many friends, maintained at least a "C" average, joined a fraternity, submitted to having the political representative in his fraternity vote in his behalf (or at least tell him which candidates to vote for), and he has been frequently mentioned and photographed in the school newspaper and on occasion by the commercial press. At the same time, his fraternity has faithfully supported the candidates designated by the party. One day the party chairman suggests that Smith might be a deserving candidate for an elective office. Our naive, honest football player is shortly nominated and elected. Once in office, he may become a tool for the party chairman who uses the elective office to further party patronage, an iconoclast who persists in trying to do his job or, more frequently, an apathetic office-holder who refuses to be manipulated but also refuses to work.

The campus elections are devoid of issues. Candidates do not run on a platform and party chairmen are amused when it is suggested that their organizations represent nothing constructive. In fact, the "purpose" of the Campus Party, according to its constitution, is to "foster the best interests of the fraternity system." Early in January, Penn's student governing council cross-examined the head of the Campus Party for two hours. At one point, council members suggested that, at least for the sake of euphemism, the party's constitutional purpose be the furthering "of the best interests of the University of Pennsylvania and *all* its students." The party chairman seemed incapable of grasping what this suggestion meant.

On the men's student government board sit sixteen "wheels" representing classes, a variety of "activity" groups, religious organizations and lesser representative bodies (i.e., the Inter-Fraternity and Dormitory Councils). For the most part, these representatives know pitifully little about current affairs. During a heated discussion of the controversial loyalty-oath provision of the National Defense Education Act, one student leader, a star football player, member of an honor society and a fraternity president, admitted that he had never heard of Leon Trotsky and was thus incapable of discussing an undergraduate organization with alleged Trotskyite affiliations.

Penn, in bold contrast with institutions such as Antioch, where students determine faculty promotions and salaries, has a long tradition of non-intervention in academic affairs. Philip Jacob, Professor of Political Science, apologized for employing a platitude when he once declared that at the University of Pennsylvania "a professor's classroom is truly his castle." Indeed, it is such a citadel of resolute privacy that departmental chairmen never sit in to assay a subordinate's teaching ability. Genuine faculty alarm greeted last year's effort of *The Daily Pennsylvanian,* the student newspaper, to evaluate instructors in its "Guide to Courses" last year. The guide irreverently reported, *inter alia:*

Music 5 is rated by a Greek chorus

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murmuring "GUT, GUT, GUT" in an awesome crescendo. R.—is pictured as incredibly close-minded, disorganized and even, as one angry student contends, "a disgrace to the University." The course is without a text, without interest, without challenge and would be better without R.—as well. Reminiscent of a circus.

The publication of equally irreverent appraisals of faculty members is customary on many campuses. At Penn, however, the atmosphere generally discourages open student debate on such subjects as the quality of the education they are getting.

The university's dean of men has stated explicitly that student government is free to raise issues and to campaign for reform in all areas of undergraduate life, including the academic. However, it is unlikely that this freedom will mean anything as long as the "successful" Penn undergraduate continues to affect a sophisticated indifference to any issue worthy of the name. (In fairness, it should be noted that there is a vocal minority of "serious" students here who live with broader horizons, who interest themselves in national and international problems, and who cast a critical eye on what is going on in their own school. Unhappily, they are excluded from the university's political arena.)

The undergraduate schools here are dominated by the famed Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, a fact which may contribute to the materialistic spirit which pervades the campus. The idealists tend to retreat, leaving the aggressive politician free to manipulate undergraduate life in the direction of fostering "the best interests of the fraternity system."

Most observers believe that if there is any hope for betterment, it rests with Gaylord P. Harnwell, eminent atomic physicist who became president of the university upon the retirement, seven years ago, of Harold Stassen. Commanding sympathy, support and respect from students, faculty and administrators alike, President Harnwell has been forcing the university to investigate itself. Five years of introspection have so far cost the university $700,000 in academic improvements. Robert H. Pitt, dean of admissions, says, "We are getting a new kind of student." Another academic officer remarks happily, "Our students are becoming more interested and mature." Perhaps President Harnwell's introspective habits will filter down, one day, to the undergraduate level. On that day the corrupt politics of the university campus may become an anachronism.

FINANCING OUR SCHOOLS

FEDERAL AID or LOCAL TAXES? . . *by Harry W. Ernst*

Washington, D.C.

CONGRESS is hurrying in this, its 172nd year, to catch up with Aristotle, who in 300 B.C. advised politicians that "the primary function of any legislative body is the education and training of its youth." But the reason for Congressional haste isn't a love of the classics. The rising cost of maintaining our public schools is pinching pocketbooks.

The House, with a nervous glance toward November, finally pressured its tail-wagging Rules Committee into permitting a vote on federal aid to education. Judge Howard Smith (D., Va.), the crafty chairman of that "traffic cop" committee which blows the whistle on most liberal legislation, was forced to make a tactical retreat.

Hanging over Judge Smith's head, moreover, was the threat of "Calendar Wednesday," a seldom-used but potentially effective parliamentary technique. On Calendar Wednesday, the roster of committees is called, and House action on bills which the Rules Committee refuses to let go may be requested. The area redevelopment bill, which President Eisenhower vetoed, was rescued from Smith's firm grip last month by this device—the first time it had been used in a decade.

It is probable that Judge Smith and his conservative committee majority gave the bill a rule for two compelling reasons:

¶House Liberals are hinting broadly that they may resort to Calendar Wednesday again and again at this session if the Rules Committee sits on upcoming labor legislation, including a minimum-wage bill. A series of Calendar Wednesday defeats could seriously cripple the Rules Committee's power.

¶That unpredictable worker of political miracles, public opinion, is breathing down the necks of Congressmen who must put theirs on the chopping block in November. Practically every poll on the subject reveals that people want federal aid for their schools. So election-year pressure is on Congress to produce.

In fact, one prominent pollster says his interviewers across the land agree that two domestic issues overshadow all others in the minds of potential voters: The problems of their aging parents [see "Health Insurance for the Aged: Which Bill is Best?" by Leo J. Linder, *The Nation,* May 28] and the relentlessly rising cost of public schools.

The local and state governments are now paying 96 per cent of the public school bill. Since 1949-50, local receipts (primarily from property taxes) for support of schools have risen 162 per cent; state receipts, 154 per cent. The costs of operating the nation's elementary and secondary schools alone have been rising about $1 billion a year in the last decade.

That resistance is growing to fur-

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ther increases in state and local taxes is indicated by a 20 per cent drop last year in the approval rate for school-construction bond issues.

> I realize that it is not considered quite nice to refer in America to anything like a class struggle [said Sen. Joseph S. Clark (D., Pa.) in a recent lecture at George Washington University]. That is too Marxian. In America, it is considered nicer to pretend that what's good for General Motors is good for the country. . . .
>
> Yet the tax issue is at heart a class issue. The brunt of federal taxation falls upon the corporations and the upper-income families. State and local taxes fall far more heavily upon the average-and-lower-income families. . . . This is what the great political issue between the "spenders" and the "savers" really amounts to.

And, what's even more frustrating to the embattled taxpayers, taxes are climbing just enough to enable the schools to stand still. The cost of education is expected to double in the next decade to prevent the blessings of a higher birth rate from stepping all over each other in the classrooms. High school enrollments alone will increase almost 50 per cent compared to a 40 per cent increase during the 1950s.

MEANWHILE, the shifting base of our national wealth has left our tax structure as hopelessly obsolete as the bow and arrow. Real property used to constitute 75 per cent of our wealth; today it is only 25 per cent. School districts, however, still depend on the property tax for more than half of their revenue. The tax is often applied with little relation to ability to pay. And as the local tax base shrinks, state legislatures are forced to assume an increasing share of the educational budget, largely through discriminatory sales taxes.

Senator Clark explained why the property tax is becoming the enemy of the people:

> . . . While the rich man pays local property taxes on what may be a tiny fraction of his accumulated wealth, the average-income man pays on what may be two to ten more times his accumulated wealth. As it affects individuals, a more inequitable tax system could hardly be devised. And because the property tax is thus inversely related to the ability to pay, its limit is reached early — when it strikes too hard at the resources of the lower-and-middle-income groups who bear the brunt of it.
>
> Corporations, of course, pay their share of property taxes. But with the growth of large concentrated industries, corporate real property is distributed most unevenly across the land. One of the largest industrial plants in the world, located in my Commonwealth, pays property taxes to only one small school district. It does not contribute to the support of the schools to which most of its employees send their children, because they live across the district line.

States and local communities vary widely in their ability to raise public funds for schools and for a host of other services which the people have demanded since World War II. Interstate competition for new plants tends to put a lid on the tax efforts that even the more prosperous states might make. But in trying to meet public needs, local and state debts jumped 211 per cent between 1948 and 1958 compared to an increase of less than 10 per cent in the federal debt.

Uncle Sam now provides only four cents of every educational dollar, although he collects seven of every ten tax dollars. And only he can fairly tap for all states — through corporate and personal income taxes — the national wealth that transcends state lines. Besides, it's cheaper and more efficient to let Washington do it: the National Education Association points out that Uncle Sam keeps only 44 cents per $100 to pay for the cost of tax collection; states take an average of $1 per $100, while local governments keep $5 to $10 per $100.

THESE are the pocketbook pressures pushing Congress toward enactment of a school-construction bill, at the minimum. Ideally, a federal aid-to-education program should be large and flexible enough to permit local school districts to spend the money according to their particular needs, with a minimum of bureaucratic interference. But the realities of Congressional life make such an approach almost impossible at this session. Even a moderate school-construction bill, however, would be a step forward compared to that

(*Continued on page 500*)

Throwing Money into Space – or Schools?

With but one dissenting vote, the House Committee on Science and Astronautics, on March 30, favorably reported out a bill (H.R. 10809) authorizing the appropriation of $915,000,000 for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration for fiscal 1961. The lone dissenter was Rep. Ken Hechler (D., W. Va.); there follows an extract from his official minority report. — EDITORS

If we are to move forward in the space effort, of course we are going to need people trained in the natural sciences. In other fields we are also going to need social scientists who can point the way for mankind to reduce human poverty and suffering, to secure disarmament and better international understanding — and ultimately to maintain a lasting peace. And as automation produces more and more leisure time, we shall need more people trained in the humanities as well. Perhaps more training in the humanities would help raise the moral tone of society also, because it could certainly stand some improvement.

What does all this have to do with an important authorization for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration? Simply that I hope through my negative vote to dramatize the fact that aid to our educational system is more important today, and will prove to be more important in the 1970s and the years to come, than what we vote today for space or defense. Of course, we need both education and the urgent current expenditures, and my vote is simply intended to emphasize the relative importance of education.

Therefore, until an adequate federal aid to education bill is passed I will vote in committee and on the floor against space and defense authorization and appropriations.

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What Is Wrong with Durrell?

CLEA. By Lawrence Durrell. E. P. Dutton & Co. 287 pp. $3.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

SITTING DOWN to write this piece, I have little relish for the job. For a good many years now I have been a devoted, persistent fan of Lawrence Durrell. When *Justine* came out in England, I wrote a fairly long and very laudatory review for *The Nation*. It seemed the promise of a thoroughly adult job. The characters were a distasteful crew, but certainly they were grownups; the plot was as complex as any of Conrad's, and since the succeeding three novels were announced as treating the same cast through the eyes of three different characters, the whole project promised to be a fabulous network of motives, false motives and imaginary motives. The style was saturated with a whimsical, self-mocking irony, "fine writing" making fun of itself. Altogether, I felt on sure ground when I prophesied a big work by a mature man, one worthy to be set alongside Ford Madox Ford's Tietjens series, the promise of a novel which would be fit reading for a male over thirty-five. Certainly there aren't very many such. Now, at least this one male over thirty-five is a disappointed man.

What happened? In the first place, I think a purely mechanical mistake. Durrell sold *Justine* before the rest of the work was completed, and for the next three years had to produce a book a year against an inexorable deadline. Maybe Dickens or Dostoevsky could do this; they hated it and groused about it, but they produced masterpieces that way. It is obvious that Durrell could not. Times have changed. Writers are far more self-indulgent and temperamental nowadays — they are artists, and rigorous business arrangements upset them. Durrell felt frustrated and hemmed in. Each year he put off writing and then wrote carelessly, perhaps even defiantly. What had been complex and subtle and ironic turned into something flimsy, schematic and flashy.

Plotting, which at the start was careful and wise, became sensational. It not only became sensational, it became frivolous and irresponsible. Perhaps it makes a good hot item for the paperbacks to suggest that the Egyptian Copts and the Jews are in a plot with the Nazis to betray the Arabs and British in Egypt and Palestine — but this is the kind of yarn we associate with Talbot Mundy, not with a serious writer. It is all too easy to envisage a young Egyptian officer in charge of a border post, reading that book between hours of duty. This kind of childish meddling with the lives of the innocent should be left to Steve Canyon and Terry and the Pirates. The word for it is cheap — as well as dangerous. One step more and the word is malicious.

The writing has decayed in the same way. Pain and disaster emerged at first from the necessary relationships of the characters; in the later books it is applied from the outside. Clea's disaster with the fish is not tragedy, it is sensationalism, on a par with the highly sophisticated sadism of the pseudo highbrow French and Italian movies. Furthermore, its gratuitousness shows; they do this so much better in Japan where sentimental agonies have a long tradition of great skill. Gone too is the subtle mockery of fancy writing. The narrator of *Clea* has decided that now he can really "write," at last he is an artist. You won't get far in the book before the horrible suspicion sneaks over you that Durrell agrees with him. I'll take De Quincey.

WHAT is wrong with this writer? He has terrific talent, he is no longer a young man, he has learned all the lessons there are to learn. Is it an incorrigible bohemianism? Perhaps. I went back and reread *The Black Book*. All the Alexandria tetralogy is there, writ small. It is one of the first and best books of its kind — that long spate of tales of the life and loves of the Underground Man that have become the characteristic literary fad of the last twenty years. It is a tale of a wretched warren of loathsome characters, and like Dostoevsky's manifesto, *Letters from the Underworld*, like *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, like the life and letters of Baudelaire, its moral point is that all such people can do is debauch, in rotten frivolity, the ignorant and trusting innocent. This, in a sense, is the point of the first of the kind, the immensely fashionable parent of the whole genre, that other *Justine* by Sade. The trouble with *The Black Book* is that you can never be sure of Durrell's intention. Did he know what he was doing? How close is he, really, to his characters, the closeness of the artist who understands all, or the embroilment of the participant who understands nothing?

In his preface to the new edition of *The Black Book* Durrell speaks of it as an attack on Puritanism and identifies it with the genre of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. But *Chatterley* is not an attack on Puritanism at all. It reeks of Puritanism and crippled, self-conscious sex — and of the personal spites and ill tempers of Lawrence as well. Only an adolescent, recently escaped from the Epworth League, could think of it as a pagan manifesto of sexual freedom. So too, *The Black Book* is a tour de force of ingrown Puritanism, and so too, I am afraid, is the Alexandrine tetralogy.

While the four parts of the novel were coming out, Durrell published *Bitter Lemons, Esprit de Corps, Stiff Upper Lip*. These are all concerned with his own life as a diplomatic representative of Great Britain. They all have the same fault, a blissfully unconscious, but none the less absolute ethnocentrism. In *Bitter Lemons* the Cypriots are happy childlike innocents, misled by "demagogues" and the "envenomed insinuations of the Athens Radio." It never occurs to Durrell that they might just want to be free. Only the most unworthy motives are ever ascribed to either the Turkish or Greek leaders, who are always portrayed as "outside

KENNETH REXROTH, poet and critic, is the author of Bird in the Bush, *recently published by New Directions.*

Great-Grandsire (1804-84)

John 'Splatter' Byrne—immense of foot—
Farmer in County Down, one morning walked
To town to buy tobacco, tea, and sugar,
A five-gallon crock for skimming cream he'd ordered.

Into the crock he packed the morning's booty.
Crossing the bridge he stopped to light his clay:
Elbowed from parapet, the crock and goods
Smashed among the river's rocks and spray.

'Sweet Hell go with you!' And stalked away.

PADRAIG O BROIN

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agitators," interested only in advancing themselves at the expense of naive and friendly school children. The English, on the other hand, are seen as silly, bumbling, out of date, but oh so sane and wholesome and always concerned only with the good of the charges that God has entrusted to them. We've heard all this before; in fact we can hear it almost any day when a Southern Congressman is sounding off, and what day is one not? *Stiff Upper Lip* and *Esprit de Corps* are unforgivable. They are written in the most dreadful imitation of P. G. Wodehouse, a favorite author of Durrell, by his own admission. (He reads him in *Bitter Lemons* during negotiations with the Cypriots over their freedom.) It is a bad imitation and so vulgar it makes your flesh crawl. These two books of purported humor explain much about what happened to the splendid plan announced in *Justine*. Possibly, carefully read, they explain everything. British diplomats are noble and silly, Indians, Negroes, Egyptians, are sly and rascally children, uniformly portrayed in terms of a Soho pickpocket — the only "native," you feel, reading these disgraceful books, Durrell has ever known personally. This, of course, is not true; he has lived most of his life in the Levant. What is wrong with him? What is wrong with Englishmen?

Meanwhile he has published something else. Grove Press has brought out his *Selected Poems* and there are rumors a *Complete Collected Poems* will be along eventually. These are great poems, lovely, temperate, with every subtle cadence so carefully controlled, so excruciatingly civilized. They reek of the Levant at its best, with all of its best reeks. There is little self-consciousness in them, and little Puritanism, but lots of the weary sensuality and fleshy joy of Greek and Turkish and Egyptian life and love and food and drink. These poems, not *Justine*, really transfuse into the pale British bloodstream the wistful lewdness and wisdom of that great bad Greek, the poet Cavafis, who was one of the most consummate evil livers in all literature. Durrell's poems avoid Cavafis' more lurid sin, but they perfectly transmit his smile and his impeccable taste. I think the poems answer the question, "What's wrong with this initially so ambitious work?" Closeness, or embroilment? Durrell is an old and loyal friend of Henry Miller. So loyal in fact that he recently edited an anthology presenting poor Henry as a Thinker; it would seem that Durrell really believes Miller thinks. This is a fine friendship, well tested through almost thirty years and it is not fortuitous. Like Henry Miller, Durrell is suspiciously like some character in his own fictions.

The Writing Teacher

COPEY OF HARVARD. A Biography of Charles Townsend Copeland. By J. Donald Adams. Houghton Mifflin. 306 pp. $5.

Benjamin DeMott

IN THE early thirties, when Charles Townsend Copeland retired from Harvard, the country had few men who could have been described as teachers of creative writing; now it seems to have thousands. Practicing poets and short-story writers who cannot tell a Comma Splice from a Modal Auxiliary have been herded into academic captivity to staff Fiction 1-2 and Sonnet 3-4. Scores of respectable institutions have set up hierarchies of writing courses, steps in passage toward the Ph.D. in Original Genius. And masses of undergraduates, inspired most recently by the example of Mr. W. D. Snodgrass (who climbed a few of the steps in question at Iowa State on his way toward a Pulitzer Prize), are at this very moment haranguing deans to waive some distribution requirement so that their own ascent can begin.

The responsibility for this curious turn of events can be variously assigned, but probably no one of his time, with the possible exception of George Pierce Baker, should bear a larger share of it than the subject of the fair and sympathetic biography at hand. It is possible, of course, to regard Copeland's influence on the Craze for Creation as largely accidental—a consequence of the chance appearance, on the Harvard scene during his career, of a considerable number of men of talent who in point of fact needed no teaching. (Among the writers Copeland taught were T. S. Eliot, Van Wyck Brooks, John Dos Passos, Robert Sherwood, Walter Lippmann, S. N. Behrman, Stanley Kunitz and Oliver La Farge.) People who take this view would argue that men who are to become famous have to be educated somewhere, that they are bound therefore to have teachers, and that, inevitably, a measure of *réclame* falls upon the teacher who has the largest number of them in his classes in a given period. The point of view is reasonable in most instances, but a trifle irrelevant here. Before Copeland made his "record," there were no records; neither was there much belief in the possibility that writing could be taught. The Harvard professor was himself the origin of the myth of the great writing teacher, the figure who helps the artist Find Himself in youth, or who at the very least possesses certain Contacts with editors and publishers who trust his word. And if there had not been such a myth and men to further it —Bernard DeVoto to speak of Copeland's "black magic" as a coach of talent, Eugene O'Neill to acknowledge debts to Baker—the likelihood is strong that the boom in writing seminars would not have taken place, and that a second and third generation of notable writing teachers—Roethke, Strode, Stegner and others —would not have appeared.

SINCE this is the case, the chief interest of Copeland's life to bookish people who did not know the man lies in his teaching. What were the methods of this Pioneer? Could they be used again? Can writing teachers of this time duplicate his (apparent) feats? Happily, this biography contains much matter relevant to these questions.

One of Mr. Adams' chapters bears the title, "Copeland the Catalyst," a phrase expressing an aim that all those now functioning in this special field doubtless share with their Harvard original. And the likeness of aim is by no means the only obvious similarity between Copeland and his heirs. True, the sage of Hollis Hall knew misfortune and luck on a scale unfamiliar to any writing teacher of this generation: he languished seventeen years as an instructor, yet in his forties had a highly organized claque that met every year in New York—the Charles T. Copeland Alumni Association. True, his tastes were, like those of any literary man of his time, far different from those of instructors in 1960. (He liked good "reporting," cared little for Symbolism, and seems to have practiced the Intentional Fallacy with fine enthusiasm both in his readings and in his criticism.) But in other ways Copeland was very plainly one of the clan. Indeed it could be argued that he invented the writing teacher's Essential Style—in that he was ill provided with academic credentials (degrees, scholarly publications), was intimate with some students, at pains to keep up connections

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with the "outside world," and inclined to emphasize his familiarity with the great (his apartment walls bore signed photographs of John Barrymore, Madame Modjeska, Joseph Jefferson and Minnie Maddern Fiske, and one undergraduate claimed to have seen Mrs. Fiske descending Copeland's stairs "with that look about her of a woman who has just been made love to").

Where he loses contact with the present generation, as it seems, is in his determination to exercise in his teaching something that may as well be called the courage of hostility. The emperor of English 12 apparently did not tell any of his students, even his favorites, that they were likely to become writers. His position was that students were students, not great souls in embryo, and that he himself was a grown man and a teacher, hence a person entitled to judge their work with full candor and force. If he felt the need to abuse a piece of student writing, he acted on it without weighing the possibility that the author might someday, by accident or otherwise, achieve literary success, and without agonizing about the pain inflicted by his honesty.

He insisted that his students come to his rooms and read their work aloud, and as they read he writhed, grimaced and mocked their pretensions infuriatingly. Dean Briggs, who in the view of many was Copeland's superior as a teacher, predicted that Copeland's students would always remember:

> . . . those hours they spent alone with him—the silences on Copey's part, the sudden cries of anguish . . . the snorts of disgust, sometimes even, the feigned snoring—and rarely, oh how rarely, the sudden and delighted smile! And the interruptions while you read: "Write, 'What a swag-bellied sentence!'" or, "Write, 'March of the elephants!'", "Write, 'What a jawbreaker!'" or, perhaps, a single word —"'Pish!'"

In sum, Copeland coddled no one, saw his task as that of discouraging rather than encouraging, showed his audience that the quality of a sentence mattered intensely to him, and tried not to confuse social relations with his judgment of literary accomplishment.

THE behavior and disposition of mind thus described may well intrigue present-day teachers of writing, who more and more often find themselves regarded as friendly advisers about Life or Women, rather than as sternly impersonal arbiters with a right to be enraged by messy sentences. But the temptation to see Copeland as a hero, a man who refused to pander to the masses, needs to be resisted. Santayana, who called him "a public reader by profession, an elocutionist," went on to say with an edge of scorn that:

> . . . he could move his audiences by declaiming, with disciplined voice and restrained emotion, all the most touching or thrilling popular selections from the Bible to Kipling. This was a spiritual debauch for the hungry souls of the many well-disposed waifs at Harvard living under difficult conditions; and these Copeland made his special friends.

And Copeland himself admitted that his choice of readings was not determined by reference to the rigorous standards he invoked in rejecting bad student writing. In 1909, after attacking part of the young T. S. Eliot's paper on "The Defects of Kipling" (the attack had some justification, perhaps, but to the eye of a man who has read twenty to thirty thousand student papers in the last nine years, Eliot's little essay, written when he was a junior, seems not less than unbelievably good), Copeland, who invariably read aloud great quantities of Kipling, declared that the poet "is no favorite of mine—I am a pianola that often resents the music it plays. . . ." The impression left by this eschewal, on the public platform, of the rigor of the private classroom, somehow works to make the rigor suspect.

To say this is not to deny for a moment that the dead-voiced teacher of literature, the subtle explicator who for some reason cannot get into the act of the poem before him, is the inferior of the gifted reader; one indication of literary "decline" is that the word "reading"—as in, say, A Reading of George Herbert—now is understood to mean some fifty thousand well or badly chosen words about the design of the poems, not a demonstration by a living voice of their qualities of delicacy and gentleness. Neither is it to deny that the writing teacher who encourages every "sensitive," half-talented snippeteer probably sets loose on the land more Cromwells than the occasional unmuted Milton is worth. The point is simply that the confusion of standards which a career like Copeland's appears to embody does raise for the writing teacher—and perhaps for others as well—matters a shade deeper than those questions about the useful-

An April Walk

The end of music is
stillness and the end
of love being alone.
Rest absent from me O
Creator Spirit awhile
so I may my long-held
illusions and ideas
reconsider as I
follow this quiet path

where weedy it winds brown
among the dogwood pink
and white, evident
trodden in former times
but now not many come
into the sacred wood.
Here I shall not meet
Adam, and I can listen
to the loud prophet-birds:

"Naa! naa!" they caw, "do not
doubt your lust and art!
Caaw! caaw! you can't anyway!
they have made you at last
not less than you are!
Aanh! aanh! go on! try
to fashion into facts
the useful thoughts you have
for the Americans."

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МАЯКОВСКИЙ

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ness of The Method that were mentioned before. Chief of these matters is that of the moral implications of teacherly rigor. Rigor can never be overpraised, people say; but perhaps this is true only in the case of the man who never allows himself to be placed in a situation where his decisions are as empty as those of a pianola. And it is doubtful whether there are many such men, and whether any teacher knows himself well enough to be sure that he is one of them, rather than a mere bully.

Reflections of this sort can hardly stand as an answer to the question about the possibility of today's writing teacher equaling Copeland's achievements; probably there is no answer except that the aspirants had better be characters who love to swat the swag-bellied sentence. But the act of stimulating such reflections, and of providing evidence of the difficulty of sustaining strong-minded and impersonal principles of judgment anywhere save in the classroom itself, is in every sense worth while. Its effect is to remind the teacher of the truth that to serve an Ideal is only to fight another of those wars between self-discipline and hypocrisy that no one but a fool ever wins. As a short history of this war the life of Charles Copeland is instructive and touching, and Mr. Adams earns good will (of a kind he has not hitherto appeared to value) for the clarity with which he sets it forth.

Evidence and Absolutes

POLITICAL MAN. By Seymour Lipset. Doubleday & Co. 432 pp. $4.95.

Arnold S. Kaufman

WHEN people talk of Democracy, their voices ring with conviction and self-assurance. They express perplexity only as to how those who disagree can possibly deny obvious facts. Sometimes, indeed, they may try to convert the benighted, but the argument always consists of appeal to a few well-chosen anecdotes, rather than to systematic evidence. It is this disposition — not for discussion, but for opinionated argument — that makes Seymour Lipset's book so valuable. His argument moves at the level of systematic evidence, not sporadic anecdote.

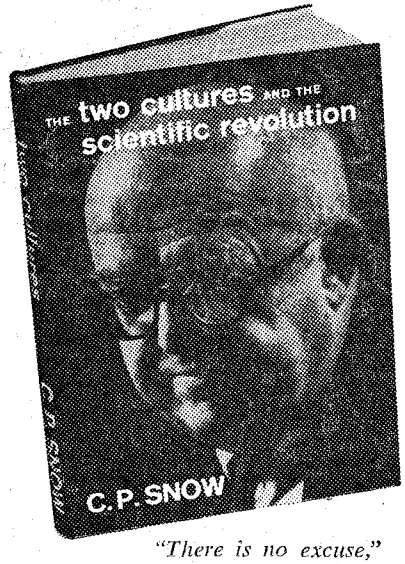
The book contains a hard knock for one or more of almost everyone's cherished convictions about democracy. For those free-enterprising "Marxists" who think that capitalism is ultimately the only really important condition of a functioning democracy, Lipset points out that *on the evidence* capitalism is only one cause, and not a very important cause, of democracy. For those who view the working man as by nature tolerant and freedom-loving, Lipset soberly emphasizes that *on the evidence* "authoritarian attitudes are 'normal' and expected" among lower economic groups. To the fast-diminishing group which views fascism as the death-throe of bourgeois domination, Lipset asserts that *on the evidence* there have been Fascist movements of the Left which cannot be explained on this basis. He questions whether a high degree of participation in political life is, *on the evidence,* a good thing. He suggests that it is not the American intellectual's superior knowledge or intelligence which makes leftists of so many of them, but rather their sense of social inferiority. To the business conservative who demands greater union democracy he points out that the fulfillment of this demand may be incompatible with their other basic demand for "union responsibility." And so it goes through the book. The shibboleths of one group after another are questioned *on the basis of evidence.* As a philosopher I do not feel competent to assess these many claims. All I can say is that they are backed by *some* evidence, and they provocatively force one to think again about things which are far too casually taken for granted.

BUT WHEN Lipset moves from the analysis of evidence to the expression of opinion broadly philosophical, his thinking does move off the rails. He tells us that democracy is not only or even primarily a means to some end; "It is the good society itself in operation." And the definition of democracy is one thing about which Lipset himself expresses little perplexity. Democracy in a complex society is two things: (1) a set of constitutionally established procedures for replacing one group of governing officials with another; and (2) a social mechanism which permits the largest part of the population to participate in this choice of governing officials.

Now this definition is neat, realistic and, above all, methodologically sound (than which there can be no greater virtue for most contemporary sociologists). Lipset's priorities are fine for some parts of sociology. But when they are imported into moral discussion they are enervating and misleading. To call the implementation of his conception of democracy "the good society in operation," is simply absurd. To offer his definition as *the* best definition of democracy is morally outrageous.

Procedures for selecting governing officials are certainly indispensable in a good society, but the identification of the two ideas is grotesque. The good society has ultimately to do with the aesthetic and fraternal dimensions of human experience, and with the extent to which respect for the human being and his natural potentialities are reflected and advanced by *all* our social institutions (not just the political, but, for example, the medical, the housing and the penal institutions).

And the best definition of "democracy" is surely to be determined not by our beliefs about what happens, presently, to be the case, but by our aspirations for something which is not and may never be the case. "Democracy" is not just another word, to be subjected to the sterilizing prescriptions of methodologically passionate social scientists. It is the focal concept around which revolves a constellation of opinions ranging from highest aspiration to most practical policies. If we see democracy as a means of developing human potentialities, then one definition and one set of implementing institutions are indicated. If we see democracy as primarily a means of maintaining social order (as do Schumpeter and Lipp-



"There is no excuse," writes Snow, "not to know that this is the one way out through the three menaces which stand in our way—H-bomb war, overpopulation, the gap between rich and poor....The worst crime is innocence...we have very little time." $1.75

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mann, for example), then another definition and an alternative institutional emphasis is dictated.

It is Lipset's failure to tear himself loose from the parochial moorings of so much of contemporary sociology that seriously impairs an otherwise provocatively brilliant assessment of the conventional wisdom about democracy.

ARNOLD S. KAUFMAN, who teaches philosophy at the University of Michigan, is now completing a book on the problems of responsibility.

Sad Young Men

THE NEW PROFESSORS. Robert O. Bowen, editor. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 218 pp. $3.50.

George Williams

WHEN the private diaries of Stendhal were published a few years ago, Morris Bishop, reviewing the work for the *Saturday Review*, remarked sadly, "I must confess that I did not know that Stendhal was such a fool." Stendhal, however, had the saving grace of genius — a grace denied the nine young professors whose essays of self-analysis and profession-evaluation make up this book. To be sure, all these professors are not tarred with the same brush; they range in rank from full professor down to instructor, in religion from Mormon to Roman Catholic, in politics from conservative to extreme left-wing. But when you come right down to it, they are all brothers under the mortarboard.

For one thing, they are not new professors at all; they are only young. Essays not very different from theirs were appearing in the *Bulletin* of the AAUP thirty years ago, when these young men were still pupils in the public schools. Apparently, the American professor, as a type, has not changed much in a generation. He is still complaining about low salary and overwork; he is still troubled by the conflict between demands that he do research and requirements that he teach; he is still troubled by problems of academic freedom and the dictatorship of trustees and administration; he is still disturbed by the competition, the log-rolling, and the toadying that are normal among college faculties; he is still made unhappy by the wheel-spinning of committee

GEORGE WILLIAMS, author of Some of My Best Friends Are Professors *(Abelard-Schuman), is Professor of English at The Rice Institute, Houston.*

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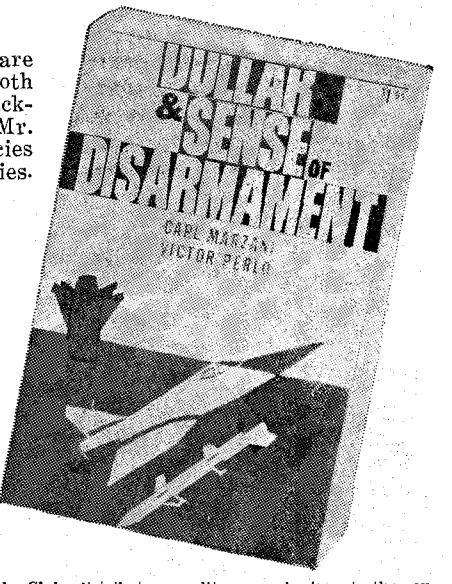

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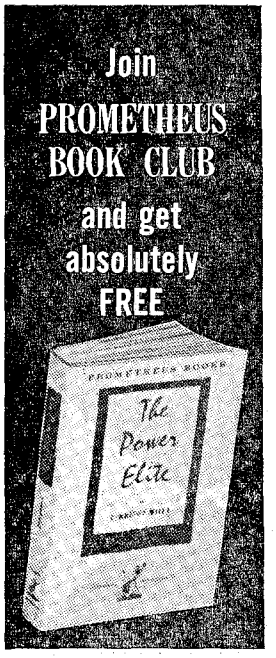

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work; and withal, he is still well-meaning, idealistic, and glad that he is a professor.

Like their professors before them, these young professors have no unified conception of their function. One of them does suggest (p. 68) that what is "required is nothing less than a fundamental re-relating of the role of academia to society's life as a whole and particularly to its need for leadership." But this suggestion, backed up by no specific recommendations, is less than helpful. Another of these young men hopes (p. 97) "to be only a good teacher, to do what is morally right (insofar as this is possible), to only cast my vote intelligently at every election and to fulfill my other local civic and social duties." Unfortunately, however, he neglects to tell just what constitutes a "good teacher," the "morally right," an "intelligent vote," or a "civic and social duty." Pretty obviously, these men, who would like to see academia establish a leadership in America, are vague and confused as to where they want to lead us. Perhaps that is one reason why canny politicians, burly labor leaders, and ordinary American status-seekers care so little for academic eggheads. A final uniformity about these young professors is their intense concern for themselves, their profession and the problems of their profession — balanced by almost no concern for the students they are supposed to teach. Generally speaking, mere students don't figure either as human beings or even as abstract problems in these essays. An English teacher (Glenn Leggett, of the University of Washington) and a chemistry teacher (Jay A. Young, of King's College) do devote, between them, three pages of their combined fifty-three to methods of teaching. But only Shepard A. Insel (a psychologist of San Francisco State College) seems to understand clearly the principal function of the college professor. "My task," says Professor Insel, "is to indicate my trust and support [of the student], and encouragement of him and his capacity as an ethical, thinking person in his own right, to reach whatever conclusions are meaningful to him in the light of his data and experience, and my satisfactions lie in the opportunity to accompany him and his venture." Bless the man! It is heartening to find that at least one out of nine young professors realizes that professors owe their first obligation to their students just because students are young human beings who deserve infinite care and consideration for no other reason than that they are young human beings. This book is worth twice its price to any professor who will read Professor Insel's essay, and take it to heart.

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— N.Y. Drama Critics Circle 1960

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ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

WASHINGTON, D.C., is a large horizontal city with very white buildings and a massive coffee break. Most of the white buildings are official ones — Grecian granaries for government cats and mice — built in a placidly historical architectural style. They have a certain quietude; they might have been designed by the same conservative craftsmen who do the steel engravings for currency and bond certificates.

But if Washington is dull visually, it is also gracious. It has an expansive atmosphere, unique for such a populous American city. Despite its starched buildings it is informal; when you reach a vista to the White House, you also see boys playing ball on the lawn before you.

Metropolitan Washington has changed little in architectural character since the thirties, which is astonishing, for it has been growing fast; it increased from 968,000 in 1940 to 1,464,000 just ten years later, and the new census will show another considerable jump. Probably a great deal of credit for the stability in atmosphere should go to the boa of beautiful trees which is flung over the District, and this traces back to the even more important fact that the city was planned. Wide streets were laid out centuries before they were needed, and this pattern has regulated the growth. Actually, the scar tissue lies outside the District, in Virginia and Maryland, where the developers' houses cluster around their lay cathedrals, the shopping centers. Within Washington itself, it is easy to become annoyed with Pierre L'Enfant's plan of 1791 because of its grandiosity. For a tourist city, Washington is a difficult place to find your way about in. But the annoyance simply cannot last in the general, soothing spaciousness of pattern which Washington does have. A fancy plan is better than none. I am told that there is a genuine move from the suburbs back into this city, back in under the protective umbrella of L'Enfant.

As in most American cities, immense road-building plans are rolling in Washington, and many Washingtonians are apprehensive as to the environmental damage implied. Look at old Boston, they say, and they're right to be worried. Some very bitter paragraphs could be written about the thoughtlessly destructive highway programs in almost every American city. I was in Washington, however, not to look at roads, but at buildings; this column will be the first of several which should result from my trip to the peaceful, pompous city.

THE first building is one opened last fall, the gigantic National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, which surmounts the campus of Catholic University. In contrast to the whiteness of the rest of Washington's large buildings, the immense blue and gold emblazoned Byzantine dome of this mammouth sits up against the sky with a carnival effect, very lively. Its companion in silhouette is a Romanesque bell tower, spindly and delicate. The very unlike-

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liness of the pair of classic clowns make them engaging as you approach from below.

Then you drive up the hill, behold the whole mass of this mild monster, and are made to consider the love, labor and expense with which it has been put together. Like cathedrals of the European past it was begun long ago, in the misty reaches of the twenties; its architects, Magginnis and Walsh, are both dead now, and this great work is by no means complete even today. This is the second largest church in the United States, (surpassed only by the also incomplete Cathedral of St. John the Divine, buried in Manhattan's upper West Side). Its walls are clifflike; it doesn't even have a steel frame. Sitting there on its stone platform the church is a mixture of styles, but the very bulk of it, and its simplicity—to say nothing of the mighty dome — twice the size of St. Marks in Venice—makes the Byzantine win easily.

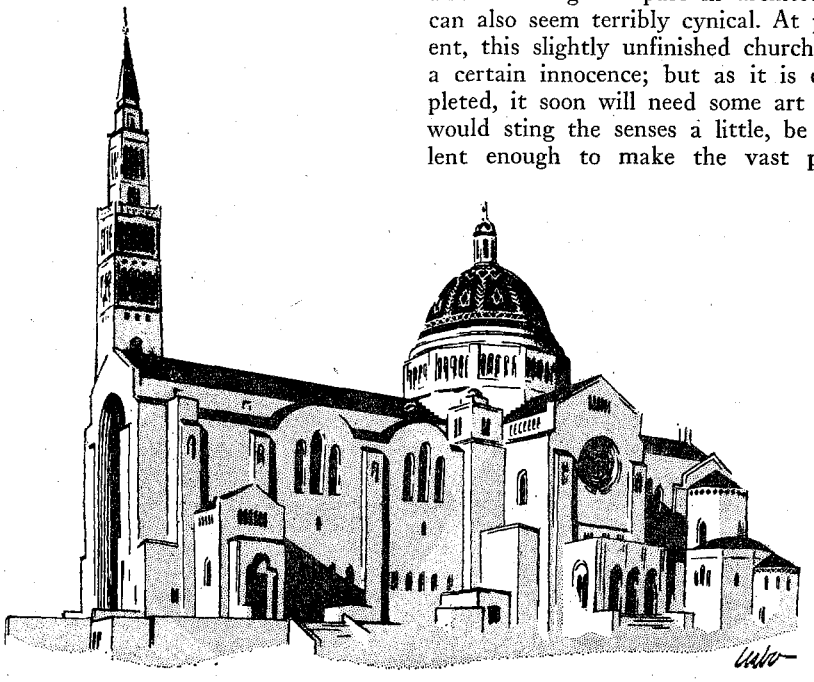
The great room inside is quite beautiful. As sheer space, the nave (100 feet high at the crowns of its arches) would be stirring; but the structural walling material, exposed for the present, also comes off very well. It is a simple brown brick, repeated hundreds of thousands of times, and it gives the tall round arches which march down the length of the church a feeling both of scale and of unpretentious roughness. Because the large stained-glass windows have not yet been inserted (clear glass is temporarily installed), plain daylight falls on the enormous brick walls, and this too gives a feeling of sad simplicity, of noble humility, to the great room.

Roughness is a quality to be cherished in a church, perhaps because it is easy to relate humility to religious feeling. Too many churches today, especially ones which imitate the past, end up having the same perfectly polished, unresponsive finish as the lobby of a new office building. Polish might have represented something in centuries past, devotion to God, but it is more mechanical today, devotion to Detroit.

The Shrine in Washington is now completely shaped, as I understand it, but its weathering outdoors and final finishing indoors will make it or break it, retain its spirit or lose it in sentimentality or pretentiousness. (Unfortunately, those majestic brick walls are going to be sheathed in marble.)

Downstairs, underground, below the transept, are a number of relatively small rooms beneath the ceiling of the exotically arched and groined crypt, low, like a catacomb. These spaces include several chapels and altars, one opening off the next. When I was there, several of these rooms still had structural brick walls and ceilings exposed in this low space, and I found it a rather stirring reminder of the covert past of this triumphant religion. But most of the spaces already had been finished, or over-finished. One chapel even had an over-all, continuous egg-crate ceiling with fluorescent fixtures above it—fine for bus terminals and elevator cabs, but a terribly bland business for a church.

ANY imitative design, like the Shrine, is in great danger of smug mildness, no matter how academically exquisite it is, and imitating the past in architecture can also seem terribly cynical. At present, this slightly unfinished church has a certain innocence; but as it is completed, it soon will need some art that would sting the senses a little, be violent enough to make the vast place



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genuinely dignified, passionate, religious. The Metropolitan Museum has plenty of things in its Renaissance lockers that could help do the job, but modern imitations out of today's religious art catalogues cannot. You can fake an old church with some success, sometimes, but not old art. The risk of new art is necessary.

As an example of what the building is too likely to receive, there is a set of mosaics standing before one curved wall in the crypt, mostly representing saints and the Virgin. These are quite pretty, but they have about as much conviction—of any sort, religious or artistic—as illustrations from the *Ladies Home Journal*. The building upstairs, however impressive in its way, will not be able to resist an over-all application of such cosmetics. The Shrine, unless it keeps its guard up, may not be a shrine, really, but a great big tourist attraction.

The ancient liturgy of the church, that magnificently comforting ritual of the Mass, properly has resisted change through the ages. It has prevailed and accrued. Architecture is more outward, however. To preserve the same vitality it has to change and grow. At Ronchamps in France, several years ago, Le Corbusier built the most advanced modern building in the world, a visceral piece of architecture — and the most nearly genuine church since the original cathedrals.

Financing Our Schools

(Continued from page 492)

1958 hodgepodge of Congressional hysteria, the National Defense Education Act, which did little more than provide for the public schools small additional sums for test tubes and for the mastering of foreign tongues in a desperate effort to keep up with the Khrushchevs.

The educational bill most likely to succeed in Congress this year is one bearing the name of Rep. Frank Thompson, Jr. (D., N.J.), which would provide $1.3 billion for four years and require dollar-for-dollar matching with state and local funds. It would build 40,000 classrooms. The classroom shortage is now estimated at 140,000.

On May 26 the House narrowly passed the Thompson bill after accepting the amendment traditionally offered by Rep. Powell (D., N.Y.) which would withhold funds from school districts resisting desegregation. The fact that the bill passed despite the Powell rider indicates how anxious Congress is to vote some education aid. Perhaps the rider will ultimately kill the bill, since Southerners control the committees through which it must pass on its second trip through the House. But Speaker Rayburn and Senator Johnson, who want the Presidency for Texas, may be able to salvage some education legislation—with or without the rider.

A far more liberal bill, providing $917 million a year for two years to be used for both construction and teachers' salaries, was passed by the Senate early in the session. It probably will be scuttled in favor of the Thompson compromise bill in an effort to win House approval and avoid a Presidential veto. Vice President Nixon, with an eye to November, reportedly is bringing pressure to bear to assure its enactment.

Another quarrel between the Senate and House will concern the formula for distributing federal aid to the states. Sen. Lister Hill (D., Ala.), respected chairman of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee, and President Eisenhower reportedly favor an equalization formula based on the ability of states to finance their schools. This approach, of course, would favor the poorer states. But House education leaders, backed by the National Education Association, want a distribution formula based solely on the number of school-age children in each state. A compromise probably will be reached with the Senate sacrificing teachers' salaries and the House accepting a modified equalization formula.

Such is the labyrinth of legislative confusion from which a very modest program of federal aid to education may emerge in this election year. Once education gets its foot more firmly planted in the federal door, however, no telling what will happen in the years ahead.

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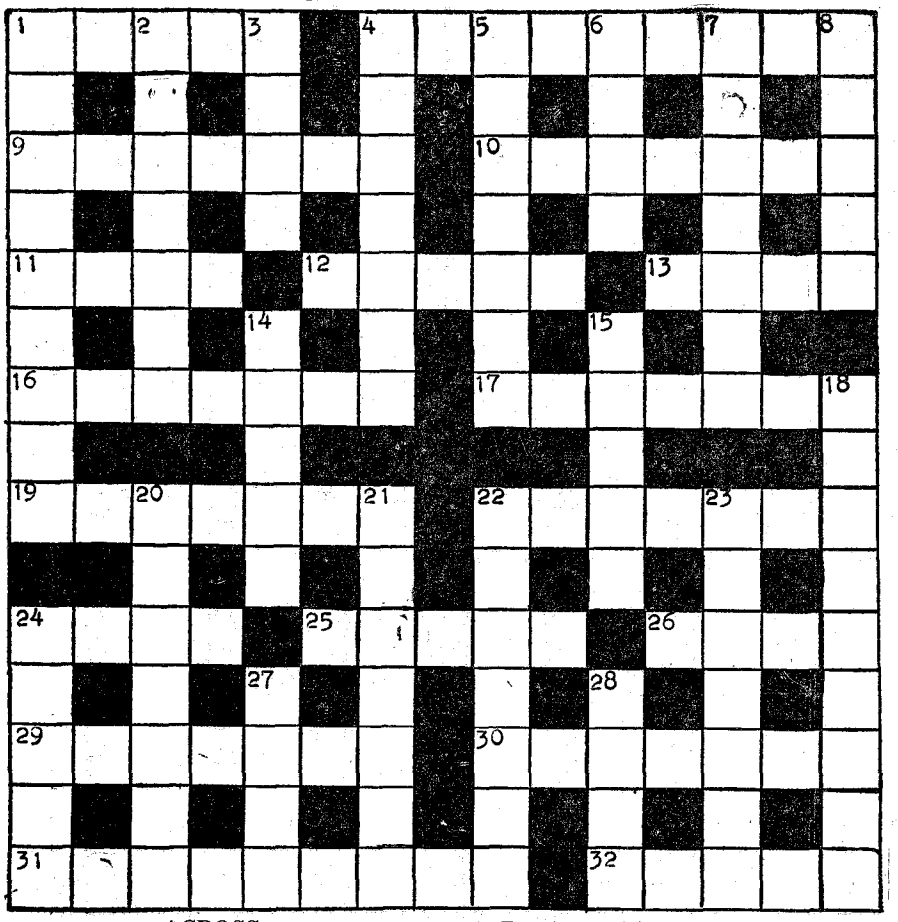
Crossword Puzzle No. 870

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Six and 22 across have lost their extremely confused client, and left the range. (5)
4 The town type were of Bremen. (9)
9 Do they show the Roman slant? (7)
10 Special delivery (on holiday, perhaps). (7)
11, 12, 13, 14 and 24 across Evidently it takes a lot of factory workers to create a satisfactory glow. (4, 5, 4, 5, 4)
16 Making a profit out of screen material? (7)
17 The person they're mainly concerned with should appear first. (7)
19 Concerning the troubles of the outermost regions? (7)
25 Making no mention of it shows one to be of little stature. (5)
29 Only part of the story of pied pie does. (7)
30 and 27 Perhaps the practical one in the bonnet doesn't make a good purchase. (1, 3, 2, 1, 4)
31 Stretch the cure of it, or the making? (9)
32 Red hot that is put in to cook. (5)

DOWN:

1 It looks like the first person is not out, alternatively, but is in the area. (4, 5)
2 A good catcher, it might be granted. (7)
3 and 26 Forget the money, even though it cost so much to build! (8)
4 Might be wild, and yet add up to distinctive flavor. (7)
5 By foot, this is the way to look around the water. (7)
6 and 22 across Secret society to set apart for particular use. (11)
7 The components of 4 as specified by the clue thereto. (7)
8 Because it is a subject of much discussion to the Church of England? (5)
15 Cow, in a rather domineering manner. (5)
18 Where Joe sent a lot of people, evidently, but what ships do to each other is not hard. (9)
20 To call in question the suggestion of royal power? (7)
21 Genuine 8 concerning the end. (7)
22 Lowers a sort of 1 across around me. (7)
23 One might find the position of Gemini a picture, if the subject is not present. (7)
24 Pull away what's left, by the sound of it. (5)
28 African jazz groups might give one to each soloist. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 869

ACROSS: 1 Abeam; 4 Obtuse; 11 Hormone; 12 Station; 13 Underwood; 14 Hoops; 15 Complications; 17 Sugar and spice; 22 Ditto; 24 Inanimate; 25 Stilton; 26 Elastic; 27 Addled. DOWN: 2 and 28 Bored to tears; 3 Apocrypha; 6 Unicorn; 7 Ernest; 8 Shrub; 9 Denominations; 10 Used car dealer; 16 Implicate; 18 Untried; 19 Charter; 20 Odessa; 21 Peach; 23 and 5 On the Beach.

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